Wichita Eagle

THEY WERE ALL PATRIOTS.

Seventeen Members of One Family Served Their Country in Its Need.

A revolutionary tradition of Rhode Island, long currently believed but only a tradition, has just been verified by the collection of a number of scattered bits of evidence. It would be difficult to find another instance of an equal amount of patriotism in a single family.

Caleb Arnold and his excellent wife, Patience, were, at the time of the revolution, the parents of eleven grown children, eight sons and three daughters. Caleb and his eight boys—Enek, William, Nehemiah, Edward, Oliver, Ephraim, Jabez and Othniel—all entered the patriotic army. His three sons-in-law became soldiers also.

His wife and her three daughters, Patience, Anna and Achsa, together with a daughter-in-law, Isceah, remained at home and managed the farms in the men's absence, finding time and strength to perform, in addition to these labors, the duty of nursing the sick and wounded among the soldiers of the state.

It is related, says the Youth's Companion, of the two sons, Jabez and Othniel, that as they were marching with Gen. Greene's brigade to Bunker Hill Othniel was seized with the presentiment of death which so many young soldiers have experienced.

"Jabez," he said, turning to his brother, "If I am killed in this battle will you marry my sweetheart, Rachel Prettyplace?"

Jabez did not hesitate to give the required promise, and Othniel, though he survived the glorious disaster of the day, received a wound which eventually proved mortal; but either because Jabez felt that his word had been too hastily given, or because Rachel had not been consulted as to her views upon the question, she did not then marry her, but shortly after was wedded instead to the Widow Cole.

Being within a few years left a widower, he came courting to Rachel, who was still unwedded, married her, and so kept his word.

Counting sons-in-law with sons and daughters-in-law with daughters, we find that in this one large family of little Rhode Island there were seventeen persons and perhaps more who served their country in her need. It is a fine record for their descendants to remember.

GYPSY LIFE AS IT IS.

The Eastern Article Has Little of Poetry in It—A Sample Brick.

A gypsy train wended its way slowly down Market street, Philadelphia, the other day and finally drew up in front of a beer saloon. It consisted of an old covered wagon drawn by a pair of scraggy chestnut horses, a man, who was evidently the chief, riding on a big, raw-boned, gray horse, using a rope as a bridle, and hitched to the back of the wagon the proverbial trade horse. The chief dismounted from his horse and went into the saloon, leaving his wife, who had been driving the wagon, to hitch the animal and to water the horses at the trough by the curb. The Press says it did not take long for a number of children to gather and look in wonder at the unaccustomed sight. Superstition kept them at a distance for awhile, but curiosity conquered fear, and one boy finally plucked up courage enough to peep into the back of the wagon. He did not see very much, only the woman who had attended the horses, a dark-eyed, black-haired young girl and two dirty, olive-hued little boys, who were quarreling over a small kitten. Besides these, there was a roll of dirty canvas, evidently used as a tent, a few pots and tin pans and a number of blankets. The boy retired to the pavement with a look of intense disgust on his face. These specimens were not his ideal of gypsies.

Fifteen minutes passed and the chief had not returned from the saloon where noises of laughter and shouting could be heard at intervals. The woman in the wagon was becoming impatient and came to the front of the vehicle every few moments and cast angry glances toward the saloon. Soon the wife's patience became exhausted and she descended from the wagon and entered the saloon with a determined step. In two minutes she reappeared, dragging her husband along by the collar of his coat. She dragged him across the pavement and by an almost superhuman effort into the wagon. He was tumbled over the front seat and left lying where he fell to recover his senses. The woman was then master of affairs. She ordered the young girl to drive the wagon and she herself straddled the gray nag, and the train moved off down the street, followed by a crowd of shouting boys.

THE CHINAMAN'S RAZOR.

A Queer Little Curved Blade With a Very Keen Edge.

The Chinaman perhaps shaves oftener than any other man on earth, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and with the possible exception of the American Indian, he really has less need of it. But it seems to be a fad among the Mongolians of San Francisco, and especially those who are at all well to do, to have their faces manipulated by a tonsorial artist nearly every day. A queer little razor it is they use, too. It is in no respect like our razor, except in the matter of keenness of its edge. It is a wee bit of a blade, nicely curved into a semi-circle. With this tool the Chinese barber scrapes the almost hirsuteless face of his customer and then shaves him around the ears and down the neck to the first bone of the spinal column.

It, of course, serves the excellent and highly commendable purpose of cleansing the Mongolian face, neck and ears of dirt very effectually, though the hairs it clips are few and far between. The rounded point of the razor is also inserted into the Celestial ear, and every ambitious hair that dares to show itself in the auricular lobe is clipped before its growth proceeds very far. The Chinaman, you know, is scrupulously cleanly about his ears. A growth of hair in them is considered a mark of low birth or of careless and ungenteel habits.

An Impossibility.

Mabel—Do you know, Nellie and I have eyes of almost exactly the same color. We're just been comparing them.

Jacques—Pardon me, that's quite impossible.

Mabel—How impossible?

Jacques—Your eyes are incomparable.

LAUNDRYMEN IN LUCK.

By Reason of the Continued Prevalence of the White Girl.

Her Shoes Are White and Her Gloves Likewise—Her Stockings Are White Silk with Lace Insertions—A Coaching Picnic and Some Dancing Gowns.

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The laundry people and the glove cleaners must be piling up fortunes, for the white fashion is inexorable at Newport; it refuses to relax its severities as the days go by.

I was considering white frocks when the coach Aquidneck started out with crack of whip and plenty of onlookers on its daily run this morning. There was a white frock on the box seat—beautifully dusty it must have grown in the course of an hour or two on this, in many respects, incomparable but not well-watered little island. A brown, plump girl wore it, and it was a blazer frock of white duck, with large white pearl buttons, white kid shoes, white gloves and a leghorn hat, with white mull scarf and nodding bunches of white sweet peas.

Miss Hope Goddard was a passenger, and she was in white also; white

OVERLOOKING THE SEA.

pique, with green velvet belt, green velvet sleeve knots, and big, much bent and twisted green straw hat, covered with white plumes.

Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, who used to be Miss Marion Langdon, was another passenger, and her variation on the white theme was white accordion plaited muslin with a guipure flower to finish the skirt, a bewilderment of cascades of white ribbon, gloves and ribbed-laced shoes as aforesaid, a drooping hat tied down with white gauze and a white chiffon parasol with a porcelain handle.

The only woman, as I remember the party, who was whirled away on the Aquidneck in a dress that was not all white was ruled out from whiteness only by a pink silk guipure, the rest of her attire being white serge with white coat faced with black velvet. The hat was a sailor with pink milkweed branches and black velvet band.

The white rule makes the girls as they come up from the bathing beach look uncommonly cool. You meet a group of three or four in filmy fluttering batiste skirts and under white foam bubbles of parasols, and you wonder if you could have been so ill-advised as to imagine that the day was hot, and you ask yourself of what different flesh are Newport girls from other girls that their ballroom footgear can tread the sands at noontide and remain unspotted from the weather and the wave. Of all summer marvels this of the universal use of the white shoe is the inscrutable mystery.

There were many notable frocks at the polo match yesterday; white, white and black, or blue and not white at all. Polo is rather more dangerous than dueling and that is why, I suppose, all

A CASINO TOILET.

Newport turns out with the breathless interest that might be inspired by a bull fight or a tourney.

Mr. Ward McAllister had a pinky, pretty girl under his wing, who wore white mohair, with rows of white Valenciennes insertion latticing the skirt and a deep, full flounce of the same lace swinging against the brown-green August grasses and taking all manner of chances of its integrity, thanks to the impracticable fashion of long gowns. Her bodice had a square lace bertha and a white ribbon empire sash and she wore a flat white hat, with trimmings of the great pink flowers of the wild marshmallows.

Mrs. "Jimmy" Kernochan wore a sheer white lawn made over a princess gown of shot silk, glinting, wherever its draperies were lifted, in tones of blue and gold. A lace bertha and a white mull hat trimmed with blue succory and yellow daisies finished the picture.

The most interested spectator of the wild antics of the ponies was a typical blonde, tall, blue-eyed and delicately tinted, who flushed after the first fifteen minutes with excitement and clasped and unclasped her hands. She wore a white gingham with a narrow orange stripe. Her hat was a big rough and ready with a twist of the trumpet creeper carrying its great red and orange flowers. Do you think the colors odd for yellow hair and light skin? I can't say how they would look on another, but in this one case they were particularly becoming.

Every afternoon when the carriages begin to roll around the "six mile drive," they stop—it being established the proper thing—at Brenton's reef for a look off Point Judith and Narragansett Pier. The more enterprising of the younger cottagers scramble down upon the rocks, for there are the brightest tinted sea weeds of the whole island of Aquidneck to look at and the greatest multitudes of star fish. The excursionists stop here too, and they are interesting, though not beautiful. Yesterday, as a coachload drew up for a minute, the driver was pointing out a beautiful red stone cottage on the heights and imparting the information that Mrs. —— has "a foine outlook, shure, and she eats ice cream ivery day."

But what brought me to Brenton's reef was a vision of Mrs. William C. Whitney's pretty daughter well out on the flat ledge watching the changing colors in the clear tide pools. Miss Whitney understands shore dress as well as most of the young people here, if not better, and the skirt that was pulled up for the moment from about her slender ankles was a white serge, flashing with three rows of red braid and finished with an open jacket of red cloth, with a square white collar bound with red and embroidered with red anchors. Her wide red belt had a mother-of-pearl buckle to fasten it, and her white sailor hat was trimmed with red and white ribbons.

With her was a trim, straight girl, with long light curls only partly snooded up and breaking away from their bondage of yellow ribbons. The two were seaweed gathering, and she of the curls wore a gray-blue wool frock, hemmed up with white and green, belted with a narrow white ribbon and presenting as to the rest a white silk blouse with gray-blue jacket, lined with green, and a gray-blue straw hat with a white pigeon to trim it and a green ribbon band.

The coaching picnic at Vancluse, when Perry Belmont and Mr. James J. Van Alen and Mr. Oliver Belmont and Mr. Ogden Mills drove the coaches out through the green country, past the early goldenrod and the late wild roses, has dropped the distance of some days into the past, and I will send no messenger after it except to extol the lunch and to recall the particularly becoming toilets worn by some of the young girls. There was a dark red foulard, for example, that deserves a better fate than

COACHING ARRAY.

to be forgotten, with its skirt banded with white ribbon figured with red anchors, and its Eton coat of red over a white silk blouse with Russia leather belt, and its white sailor hat with red band.

And there was a pale pink chambray frock with a filmy cloud of gathered and scalloped flounces, shirred waist and full elbow sleeves. And there was Miss Willing in pink and apple green striped batiste, with green bodice buttoning to a full vest of pink chiffon, and gold-colored straw hat with shaking grasses for trimmings. And if other examples were needed there was Miss Wright in blue foulard dotted with white and bordered with white dotted with blue; her short coat was white with plaits of the blue lightly shirred at the waist and blue revers turning back from the front, and her white chip hat had blue ribbon trimmings.

The casino hops have become lively enough for the most indefatigable dancer, and the show of jewels, so to speak, is more brilliant on each successive occasion. Mrs. Paren Stevens was out the other night in a magnificent shot taffeta, ostensibly striped in black and gold, but glinting as the light struck it with almost every hue of the rainbow. The trained skirt had a ruffle of gold-colored silk head with ivory and gold lace; the left side was pauched with lace and dotted with gold-colored ribbon bows, and the bodice had a long pointed jacket of black lace coming from beneath the arms, the corsage beneath being of the striped taffeta, low cut, and with a gold lace setting to the shoulders.

Miss Bonaparte wore white silk dotted with violets, with chemisette of pale mauve lisse, waistband of mauve ribbon and two flounces to edge the skirt with mauve ribbon ruches to head them. Countess Divonne wore a tow gown of black Chinese crepe with pink chiffon ruched about the shoulders, pink chiffon to head the skirt, flounces and pink chiffon elbow sleeves.

Mrs. George Tiffany was in pearl gray crepe with pink sweet peas at the waist and a twinkle of diamonds, and among the bevy of girls in white tulle there stood out a particularly pretty dark-eyed individual in yellow chiffon with olive velvet knots to catch it, and tying in their clasp the stems of great yellow water lilies. ELLEN OSBORN.

A Bright Outlook.

Daughter—(to her mother, who has just arrived)—Johnny has been asking me how long you were going to stay?

Mother—Tell him, my dear, that this is a Kathleen Mavourneen visit—it may be for years and it may be forever.—Texas Siftings.

Killed His Man.

Cowboy—Guess you never killed a man, did ye?

Tenderfoot—Huh, I helped to kill half a dozen of them.

"Here?"

"No. At college."

"Fightin' with 'em?"

"No. Initiating them."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Vagaries of Man.

A young man generally falls in love with a woman five or ten years older than himself. This is his first experience. But when he gets to be between 45 and 50 he evens up by trying to make himself believe that all the young women are dead in love with him.—Boston Transcript.

COCKERILL'S LETTER.

Some of the Humor of Old Artemus Ward Recalled.

Electrical Ganglions of the Globe—A Visit to the Busiest Telegraph Center in the Universe—Normile and Ingersoll.

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Some of the most interesting characters in New York sedulously keep away from writers for the public prints, and pride themselves upon preserving their privacy. An old leather merchant died down in the swamp the other day and left an estate of $10,000,000, which interesting fact was duly mentioned in the newspapers, with expressions of surprise, since, had the old man been known in his lifetime to possess so much of the one thing needful, he could not have gone to lunch without having somebody to take note of it. As it was nobody had ever heard of him outside of his own chosen circle of friends and relatives. And a very pleasant sort of life I should say that would be, too. I met Artemas Ward on the street a day or two ago. "What," you will all say, "Artemus Ward died a quarter of a century ago!" So did the one; but the very interesting New Yorker of whom I am speaking spells his first name with the difference of one letter, and is an enthusiastic admirer of his predecessor in name and fame. Artemas Ward devotes himself to spreading the fame of sapolio, and he seems to me to have spread it very thick.

He is the manager of one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the world, a serious looking, bearded, brown-eyed business man of sturdy figure and quiet, methodical. Millions of dollars filter through his fingers every month, and a life-time of service has secured and retained for him the respect and gratitude of his employers. In return for a liberal salary his active life is entirely devoted to their interests, and he is scarcely ever seen except in his office or his home, or on the way between. Yet his is a quaint personality, richly worth a character study, and of vast importance when one considers the enormity of the transactions with which his personality is blended. He is a quiet jester, too, presuming in no way on the similarity of his name to that of the great Ward, which he justly observes is not his fault. As a student of Artemus Ward's works and witticisms, Artemas Ward is especially interesting. "Artemus Ward" was, of course, Charles Farrar Browne, who was born in Waterford, Me., in 1834, and died in Southampton, England, March 6, 1867. Everybody who has ever seen Bartley Campbell, whose tall, lank figure, long nose and rather saturnine expression made him a personage on Broadway from the time he first settled in New York, may form an excellent idea of what Artemus Ward looked like in the flesh, except that Ward had much darker and bushier hair, curling in ringlets at the ends, and a heavier and more poetical mustache, blending, indeed, in some interesting way, and to a striking degree, the physiognomy of Bartley Campbell with that of Edgar Allan Poe.

It has always been a mystery what became of Artemus Ward's property. Jim Fisk's Erie stock vanished when he died, at least no trace of it ever came to his executors, and the large amount of personal property which Artemus Ward must have been possessed of very shortly before his death seemed almost as mysteriously to vanish. His last season in London, just before his death, had netted him for six weeks at least $500 a night. A friend saw on his bedroom table a pile of bills amounting to $12,000 not long before his demise. He had valuable diamonds and a very heavy gold watch and chain. The little old homestead just above New York city at Yonkers on the Hudson he had cleared of debt within a short time, and had willed it to his mother. But that was all she ever received from his estate, nor has there ever been any satisfactory explanation of the loss. A subscription was taken up after his death to put a monument over his last resting place. The enormous sum of $85 was raised, and as the fund remained at this figure for several years, without showing signs of growth, that amount was finally turned over to his mother, poor old woman, who purchased with it the stone which now stands upon his grave. Every now and then one hears of some new witticism said to be the offspring of his fertile brain. I do not know whether the newspaper public remembers that he once said this of the discovery of America:

"It cost Columbus $20,000 to fit out his explorin' expedition. If he had been a sensible man, he'd have put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to intelligent savages, who, when they got hold of a good thing, knew enough to keep it. * * * Chris meant well, but he put his foot in it when he sailed for America."

I think the funniest thing he ever did, however, was his lecture called: "Among the Mormons." He used a panorama to illustrate it, and there was more genuine fun in a glance at that panorama than in a whole cart load of contemporary humor. I can hear him now, as he took up his printed programme one night in Hamilton, O., and described Virginia City. "A wild place. Game abundant, principally faro and bluff. Shooting in consequence. Every man carries a revolver, and every other man two. Silver mines. The treasury carefully guarded, each proprietor keeping a silver watch. The Great Desert—a dreary waste of sand—a perfectful shameful waste, in fact. They ought to save it!"

ONE OF A UNIQUE ASSEMBLAGE.

It was my pleasure to occupy a seat a few evenings ago at the dinner given at the Hollywood hotel, Long Branch, by Mr. William Easton. It was, I may say, a unique assemblage. Mayor Grant was there, together with John Hoey, "Charlie" Reed, Phil Daly, Dr. Knapp, three or four of the best pigeon shots in the country, and a number of gentlemen identified with the turf in one way or another. Mr. Easton is an English gentleman, who some years ago conceived the idea of making New York city the great horse market of the country. Before his advent our horse buyers had been in the habit of going out to Kentucky, Tennessee and other horse-breeding sections, making their purchases and bringing them home at their own expense.

Mr. Easton, whose headquarters here are known as "Tattersall's," now has all the horse breeders in every part of the country bringing horses to him to be sold at auction. He is also giving some attention to the importation of foreign horses and is probably aiding as much to encourage the love of good horseflesh as any man in the country.

He is a charming gentleman socially and, above all, a capital after-dinner speaker. He acquitted himself with great credit on the occasion referred to. Just before sitting down to the table with Mr. Easton I overheard a pleasant conversation between Mr. John Hoey and Phil Daly, which conveyed an idea of the amount of prejudice that a man can sometimes conceive toward a dress suit. Mr. Daly informed Mr. Hoey that he had never owned a dress suit in his life. He said: "When I went to England some years ago I took a number of letters from August Belmont to prominent representatives of the turf in England, among them a number of the nobility. I was invited to several dinners, but declined because I was told that it would not be proper to attend without wearing a dress suit. I finally received an invitation from a certain lord whom I was anxious to cultivate, and made up my mind that I would go to the dinner anyhow, dress suit or no dress suit. I was the only person present who did not have on a claw-hammer coat, but they seemed to understand it, and I got along very well."

"But you should have a dress suit," remonstrated Mr. Hoey. "You have a very handsome figure, and you don't know how much it would add to your appearance. It would make you feel ten years younger of an evening. The boys would not guy you more than once about it, and after that the thing would be easy with you."

Mr. Hoey kept on in this strain for some time, and I rather think that when he finished Mr. Daly was under conviction, I would not be surprised at any time to hear that he had blossomed forth in a first-class dress suit. We had some jolly good speeches at this dinner. "Charlie" Reed, the owner of the St. Blaise, probably made his first appearance as a dinner-table talker. Mr. Easton complimented him by saying that he had the distinction of being the only man in the world who ever stood up in an auction room and bid $100,000 for a single horse. Mr. Reed blushingly received the compliment, and when upon his feet answered that the only glory that he had gotten out of that incident was that everybody in the country thought he was a stupendous ass for paying so much for a horse.

THE ELECTRICAL GANGLIONS OF THE GLOBE.

Having an idle hour after midnight last week I accepted an invitation to take a look through the operating rooms of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in the great building at the corner of Broadway and Dey street. I suppose it may be said that any man who sits in an office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, at any point on this continent, is in touch with all the world. But to really realize that you are face to face with the electrical ganglions of the entire globe one has but to take a walk through this enormous establishment. No less than 1,800 separate and distinct wires enter the great operating room alone. On the floor below are the marvelous instruments which work the great stock-reporting "tickers" simultaneously and with absolute accuracy, and also the various duplex, quadruplex and multiplex instruments used on long-service work. The great operating room on the eighth floor employs day and night no less than 1,000 operators.

They are all under the immediate eye of the superintendents, and each operator sits at his neat little desk with his instrument in front of him. The room is divided into switchboard sections representing the northern, eastern, southern and western divisions of the republic. All these wires are under the special superintendence of men held responsible for their condition, and they are all spread out before them like the keys of a piano. The construction of these enormous switchboards is as perfect as that of a Jurgensen watch.

To the uninitiated these great spider webs are absolutely incomprehensible, but to the adept they seem as simple as the four strings of a violin. One thing that struck me as amazing was the fact that in all this vast hall, with every instrument thumping and pounding away, each operator seemed to be indifferent to all instruments save his own. What was Babel to me was no more to him than the distant sounds in the streets.

His mind was concentrated on his own communicator. In no establishment have I ever seen the splendor of system so well exemplified. There is, I believe, nowhere in the world an operating-room so thoroughly equipped and so scientifically managed. I should think that Mr. Gould would be very proud of his achievement in concentrating and developing this great telegraphic center. JOHN A. COCKERILL.

Teaching the Bishop to Talk Welsh.

The author of "Yorkshire Folk Talk" tells an amusing story of an English bishop's struggles to master the Welsh tongue. He had been appointed to the Welsh see of St. David, and on taking up his abode in Wales engaged a native Welsh scholar to give him instruction in the language. The pronunciation, and especially the ll, bothered the bishop, and the Welshman was almost at his wit's end to explain the lingual process by which the formidable sound was to be uttered. At last a bright thought struck him, and, being obsequious in manner, he thus addressed the bishop: "Your lordship must please put your episcopal tongue to the roof of your apostolic mouth, and then hiss like a goose."—N. Y. Tribune.

The Other Side of It.

Travers—The other day I was lucky enough to pick up a pocketbook, and do you know I couldn't find the owner.

Dashaway—Could he find you?—N. Y. Herald.

An Early Bird.

Employer—You are not worth your salt to-day. What is the matter?

Clerk (sleepily)—I got here on time.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Good Investment.

Morris Rosenberg—What do you think, uncle? I'm goin' ter get married. She's a beauty. Hair like jet, lips like rubies, teeth like pearls, and eyes like diamonds.

Uncle—Mein gracious, Morris! you've vun a prize.—Judge.

Explained.

The Veteran—Speakin' of bravery; why, durin' the wilderness campaign, single-handed, I made forty confederates run.

His Hearers—How was that?

The Veteran—Well, they chased me.—Harper's Weekly.

THE WICHITA EAGLE

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A RUSSIAN BELL.

Returned to Its Old Home After a Banishment of Three Centuries.

A distinguished Siberian exile snugly packed in a wooden box and honored with the regretful farewells of a whole population has just been returned to European Russia under an escort of a committee of citizens glad to receive it back after its many privations. The said exile is no other than the famous bell of Uglich, banished to Tobolsk in 1593 by order of Czar Boris Godunoff for having rung the signal for the insurrection in Uglich at the time of the assassination of Crown Prince Dimitri. Writing of it in his book Mr. Kennan says: "The exiled bell has been purged of its iniquity, has received ecclesiastical consecration, and now calls the orthodox people of Tobolsk to prayers. The inhabitants of Uglich have recently been trying to recover their bell upon the plea that it has been sufficiently punished by three centuries of exile for its political untrustworthiness in 1593, and that it ought now to be allowed to return to its home. The mayor of Tobolsk argues that the bell was exiled for life, and that consequently its term of banishment has not yet expired. He contends, furthermore, that even admitting the original title of the Uglich people, three centuries of adverse possession by the city of Tobolsk have divested the claimants of all their rights, and that the bell shall be allowed to remain where it is. The question, it is said, will be carried into the Russian courts." The latest news from Tobolsk, besides showing that a decision has been reached in favor of Uglich, illustrates, says Free Russia, the inconsequential character of Russian justice, which closes its tribunals to the wrongs of thousands of sufferers in Siberia and opens them to a miserable squabble about a bell.

WHENCE CAME THE FROGS?

A Recent Shower in New Jersey Suggests Some Scientific Speculation.

During a thunderstorm in New Jersey the other day it "rained frogs" to such an extent that, according to the testimony of multitudinous witnesses, the streets of Port Morris were alive with hundreds of these creatures. Here's a state of things which the Boston Globe says science can no more explain to-day than it could two thousand years ago. It is still said, of course, that these frogs were sucked up in marshes and carried into the clouds, but no human being ever yet saw a frog thus taken up, and it is odd that nothing is ever "raised to eminence" in this way except the frog, though plenty of other living things may be near by all ready to be sucked up.

A good many observers hold to the curious and interesting opinion that under certain very rare electrical conditions life seems generated spontaneously. The frog is a peculiarly electrical creature, and in fact first suggested the existence of animal magnetism as a distinct force to science. If any animal could be thus suddenly and strangely called into being it might well be the frog. Now that the university extension professors are about setting to work teaching the people science, it would be interesting to hear them explain mysteries such as the descent of frogs, which has been the talk of Port Morris and all the region round about.

Would Not Ask More of Him.

"I have withdrawn from ouah amateur acting club," said Willie Wishington.

"Why?"

"I couldn't stand it any longah, you know. I was cawst for a villain, and Miss Pepperton was the heroine, and she was to say: 'Villain, do youah worst!'"

"That was easy."

"Y-a-s, but Miss Pepperton wouldn't repeat the words. She said I had already done as badly as anyone could reasonably expect."—Washington Post.

After Him.

Miss Pinkerly—You haven't met my father yet, have you, Mr. Tutter?

Mr. Tutter—No, Miss Pinkerly. I am afraid (sadly) he doesn't care much about meeting me.

Miss Pinkerly—I am not so sure about that. I heard him say yesterday that he was going to look you up.—Judge.

A Villain.

"On what ground is Miggleson's wife bringing suit for divorce?"

"O, about the only specified charge is that she bought a necktie for him at a bargain sale and the wretch gave it to one of his old flames to put into a crazy quilt."—Indianapolis Journal.

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The Geyser Will Keep Time.

A resident of Amadee, Cal., is at work on a device which will be one of the attractions of the town when completed. It is a large clock, the figures of which can be seen from the hotel and the motive power for which will be the geyser. The clock will be erected at a point where it will be prominent. The geyser bubbles and rises every thirty-eight seconds as regularly as clockwork would require, and every time it rises it will raise a lever that will move the hands exactly thirty-eight seconds. Thus the clock can be made to keep perfect time, and will be the only one of its kind in the world.

An Exile from Home.

Travers—I've just got a letter from my mother and she wants me to come up to my native village and pay her a visit, but (sadly) I don't see how I can.

Dashaway—Can't you get away?

Travers—Oh, yes. But the village tailor once made me a suit of clothes.—Detroit Free Press.

Ignorant City Folks.

City Niece (reprovingly)—Uncle Wayback, why do you pour your coffee into the saucer before drinking it?

Uncle Wayback—To cool it. The more air surface you give it, the quicker it cools. Guess these 'ere city schools don't teach much science, do they?—N. Y. Weekly.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

F. S. DENNIS,

THE OLD RELIABLE

CITY SCAVENGER,

Is ready on short notice to clean Privy Vaults and Cesspools, also to remove from the city, dead horses and cattle, dead hogs and dogs, sheep and geese, or anything that will make a stench. All guaranteed to give satisfaction. Persons wanting this kind of work can drop a card to Scavenger box, N. E. cor. Central avenue and Main street, N. E. corner Douglas avenue and Main street, or call at residence 128 North Waco Avenue.

M. W. LEVY, Pres.
A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres.

STATEMENT

Of the Condition of the

Wichita National Bank

Made to the Comptroller of Currency at the Close of Business, May 17th, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$583,950.01
Bonds and Stocks	17,294.71
U. S. Bonds	50,000.00
Real Estate	65,000.00
Due from U. S.	2,250.00
Overdrafts	2,926.49
Cash and Exchange	232,370.69
	$953,791.90

LIABILITIES.

Capital	$250,000.00
Surplus	50,000.00
Undivided Profits	5,410.77
Circulation	45,000.00
Deposits	603,381.13
	$953,791.90

Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashr.

B. LOMBARD, Jr., President.
J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.
L. D. SKINNER, Cashier.
W. H. LIVINGSTON, Assistant Cashier.

State National Bank.

OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL,	$100,000
SURPLUS,	90,000

DIRECTORS:

John R. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, J. M. Allen, P. V. Healy, B. Lombard, Jr., Peter Getto, L. D. Skinner, amos L. Lombard.

DAVIDSON & CASE

PROPRIETORS

John Davidson, Pioneer Lumbermen of Sedgwick County.

ESTABLISHED IN 1870

A complete Stock of Pine Lumber Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash, etc., always on hand.

Office and yards on Mosley ave. between Douglas ave. and First st. and branch yards at Union City, Oklahoma City, El Reno and Minco, Oklahoma Territory.